

Snoggletog

by Ecchi Girl

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-01-05 20:56:05

Updated: 2012-01-05 20:56:05

Packaged: 2016-04-26 12:10:55

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,535

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: I have been meaning to post this for a while. Hope you guys like it. Hiccup is buzzed in this.

Snoggletog

\*\*YES! SNOGGELTOG CELEBRATIONS! Astrid and Hiccup are now married and celebrating their first Snoggel tog together. She has a special present planned but can she get her husband away and give him his very special Snoggel tog gift. \*\*

Astrid weaved her hair into a braid before knotting it into her married bun and tying her hair over with a blue head cloth. She smiled at her reflection and started to think of her plan again. It had been three months since they had been married and it was their first Snoggel tog together. She had a special plan for his gift but had to get through the party firstâ€¦which admittedly would be a challenge in itself.

Suddenly Hiccup's hands were on her shoulders, his soft lips on her cheek. Astrid looked up smiling and rested her hands on his own.

"Ready to go, love?" he asked.

"Yeah," Astrid said, tucking a stray hair behind her ear. "Well how do I look?" Astrid asked standing and turning to him so he could get an eyeful.

"Beautiful as always," Hiccup said, taking her arm. Astrid smiled a soft smile that she had reserved for him. "Come on; let's get going before Dad sends a hunting party up to get us." Astrid shuddered.

"No thank you. The entire village in our bedroom ONCE is enough," Astrid said before pulling him out the door and to the Mead

Hall.

Hiccup and Astrid were greeted by their friends and offered a seat beside the chief. They danced and partied, giving gifts, telling tales, and generally partying like Vikings. The night wore on and the Dragons wandered out to the stables with their own families, nestling down for the night.

Astrid and Hiccup sat beside Stoick at the head table laughing away with friends at pathetic jokes and a drunken Tuffnut. It was getting late and many of the single adults were unconscious under tables. Astrid thought now was the perfect time to slip away and told Hiccup that it was time they started home.

Hiccup followed his beautiful wife back to their home, smiling and laughing, just drunk enough to make it interesting for her. He would remember this in the morning he wasn't that hammered, he was just buzzed enough to make everything more sensitive. And sensitive, Astrid liked.

"Where are we going?" he muttered smiling and leaning on her. Astrid smiled and held her husband up.

"We're going home," she said.

"Oh? Why?"

"I have a Snoggletog gift for you," Astrid said.

"Hmm," he hummed leaning against her side. "So you are my Snoggletog present?"

"You'll see," she said opening the door to their home and making their way upstairs to their room. Hiccup had a lecherous grin on his face that wouldn't be there if he was sober. Astrid pushed him down onto their bed climbing on top of him, her own arousal growing as her brain played through the events that were to occur.

"Come on," she moaned rubbing her hips against his, "Unwrap your gift," she moaned feeling him hardening underneath her. Hiccup wasted no time reaching up and pulling at her belt around her waist. Astrid smiled and let him shift positions so he was pinning her underneath him.

It wasn't often Hiccup took charge but she liked it when he did. When he did take charge he made her feel amazing. So it was no surprise that in his buzzed state he had the confidence he needed to freely start palming at her core, making her thrust into his hand.

"Hi-Hiccupâ€¦mnn," she groaned, her toes curling in her boots in delight.

"Do you like that?" he asked, working at her core with his hands, pressing his fingers into her then rubbing circles around her clitoris.

"Mnn yes!" she gasped. "But this is supposed to be YOUR Snoggletog gift. I am supposed to be making YOU feel good."

"Seeing you writhe like this is making me feel VERY good," Hiccup whispered. \_Who was the DA who kept feeding him mead?\_ Astrid thought \_Oh yeah. Me.\_ Damned liquid courage.

"Do you not believe me?" he asked, pressing his growing arousal into her dampening core.

"Ommm, I believe you b-but—" she started.

"But nothing," Hiccup said, kicking their boots off. The cool air tickled her curled toes and Hiccup's hands boldly (well bold for Hiccup) traced over her body. He felt her hands running up and down his own body and then pulling his own belt from around his waist. In one swift move Astrid had him pinned beneath her.

"Now then," she moaned grinding against his enthusiasm. "I get to open my present then you can open yours." She started peeling his shirt off pressing her clothed flesh against his as she went. She tossed the shirt over the side of the bed. She finagled with the buckles of his prosthesis before letting it too clatter to the floor.

Suddenly Hiccup tried to roll them. Astrid smirked, letting him push her to her back and ravage her neck, pinning her arms above her head. She could have easily taken back dominance but this was supposed to be Hiccup's gift. She would let him do as he pleased to her.

Hiccup pulled her tunic over her head nipping at every bit of flesh his lips could capture. Her breast bindings were suddenly just below her breasts and her husband was latched to her breast, suckling like a babe.

"Ooh," she moaned, arching up into him.

"I love that sound," he murmured into her flesh, his hands traveling down her waist to hook into her leggings and pulling them down. His hand moved to her folds to find them very moist indeed. Hiccup moaned as she thrust into his hand.

"You are ready for me," he moaned, already imagining her walls clamped around his erection.

"Mmhmm," Astrid moaned, "I'm always ready for you. You look at me with those beautiful forest green eyesâ€¦ nnnhâ€¦ and it just does something to me. My insides start smolderingâ€¦hahâ€¦ and I want to pin you down and have my wicked way with you."

Hiccup groaned at the visuals she had placed in his mind. Astrid hot, naked, and writhing, riding him climax after climax until they were spent and couldn't move anymore. He moved quickly getting shed of his leggings faster than Anju could fly across the sky. In moments he was back atop her, pressing his member into her folds.

"Oh yes!" she gasped as he pressed into her. He groaned as he slowly buried himself in her. Astrid's inner walls were so tight and wet. Hiccup was so hot inside her, stretching her so delightfully. Shivers went down her spine.

"A-Astrid," Hiccup groaned, his breath tickling her neck. She could only manage delighted gasps as he began thrusting into, her finding a

proper rhythm. She started bucking against him and her scrabbling claws found the bare flesh of his back.

"Mnn, Astrid!" he called thrusting into her whilst knotting one fist into her hair and bracing on the other. Her beautiful blond hair, freed by their carousing and bedsport, formed a wild halo around her head. He loved this look of her, sweating, face twisted in pure pleasure, his name breathy and gasping on her lips as he thrust into her.

Astrid glanced up at her husband through half-lidded eyes. The way he bit his lip as he tried to stifle his cries of delight. The way his eyes watched her and seemed to burn for her. The way his hands moved so softly over her. He was always so kind to her.

"Let it go," she moaned, "I wanna hear you, too." Hiccup released his lip and let out a deep moan. Astrid smiled, "M-much better," she gasped, as he started to thrust into her harder.

"Ohh, Astrid, I'm close. So close," he groaned, his emerald eyes rolling back in his head and his thrusts becoming erratic.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" she goaned, her head thrashing, "Give it to me!" With one final thrust and a yell to the heavens he buried himself deep in his wife and released his seed into her womb. She arched back giving a hearty yell of her own and her own climax took her; her juices pouring over him and her walls clamping tightly around him and milking him dry.

He pulled out of her collapsing to his side moments later. He had come so hard he was in pain now. He glanced over to his spent wife. She lay on her back gasping and her head turned to him, a smile plastered onto her beautiful face.

"That was great," he gasped, as she curled up against him.

"Happy Snoggletog, Hiccup," she whispered.

"Happy Snoggletog, Astrid." He kissed her forehead and the two drifted off to sleep.

\*\*Very late I know but hey the movie never specified when exactly Snoggletog was, just that it was in the winter. I hope you guys like it and remember that Hiccup was just drunk enough to give him the courage to do this. That is why the bravery. \*\*

End  
file.